

Sweetheart Primeval

Tarzan's Creator Tells His Newest and Best Story

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Author of "TARZAN OF THE APES," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PROCEEDING CHAPTERS.

Nat, a cave man, lives and is loved by Nat-ut, a beautiful woman of the same tribe. Nat-ut is a very beautiful woman, and Nat is a very handsome man. They are both of the same tribe, and they are both of the same tribe.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

A Real Cave Woman.

S OARCE breathing, she lay listening. Was it man or beast that roamed through the desert haunts of her tribe? Higher and higher up the face of the cliff came the sound of the midnight prowler.

That the creature, whatever it was, was making a systematic search of the caves seemed all too apparent. It would be but a question of minutes before it would reach her hiding place.

Nat-ut grasped her knife more firmly. The sounds ceased upon the ledge directly beneath her.

Then, after a few moments, they resumed, but to the girl's relief they now repeated the deep, stifled, presently they ceased entirely, and though it was hours before she could quiet her fears, she at last fell into a deep slumber.

At dawn Nu, the son of Nu, awoke. He rose and stretched himself, standing in the glare of the new sun upon the ledge before his cave. Fifty feet above him, the girl he loved.

Nu gathered up his weapons and his bear skin and moved silently down to the spring where he quenched his thirst.

Then he passed through the jungle to the sea. Here he removed his loin-cloth and the skin that covered his shoulders and waded into the surf. In his right hand he held a knife, for great reptiles inhabited the Restless Sea.

Carefully he bathed, keeping a wary watch for enemies in the water or upon the land behind.

In him was no fear, for he knew no other existence than that which might present at any moment the necessity of battling for his life with some slimy creature of the deep, or equally ferocious denizen of the jungle or the hills.

To Nu it was but a part of the day's work.

His ablutions completed, the troglodyte replaced his loin-cloth and his shaggy tunic, took up his weapons and his burden and set forth upon the trail of his father's people. And above him, as he passed again along the foot of the cliff, the woman that he loved slept in ignorance of his presence.

When at last Nu awoke the sun was high in the heavens.

The girl came cautiously down the cliff, looking first at the distant horizon and then at the cave entrance for several minutes at a time to listen. All about her were the noises of the jungle and the sea, and the air, thick with the perfume of the flowers, threatened primeval man as sorely from above as did the carnivora of the land from his own plane.

She came to the spring in safety and passed on into the jungle in search of food, for she was half famished. Fruits and vegetables and the eggs of birds were what she sought, not wild birds and forest reptiles, for she was a cave dweller, and she was a cave dweller.

Nat-ut passed through the jungle to the beach, but she dared not. Now she stood wondering in which direction the tribe had gone. She knew that ordinarily if they had been traveling either north or south, she would follow the hard-packed sand of the beach, for there the traveling was easiest, but the tide would have washed away their spoor long before she came.

She had seen signs of their passage north beside the jungle, but the trail was an old, well-worn one traveled daily by many foot and hoof, and she was able to follow it to the direction her people had taken.

As she stood upon the beach trying to reason out the future plans it became apparent that if the tribe had gone north she would have met them on her return from the Restless Sea, and so she turned her own footstep south away from her people and from Nu, the son of Nu.

CHAPTER IV.

On the Trail of Nat-ut.

NAT-UT led to the beach as she tramped southward. Upon her right was the jungle, upon her left the great sea, stretching away she knew not whither.

To her it represented the boundary of the world—all beyond was an appalling waste of water.

To the southeast she could see the outlines of islands. They were familiar objects, yet formed the mystery. Often they crowded the topic of conversation among her people.

What was there upon them? Were they inhabited? And, if so, were the creatures men and women like themselves?

To Nat-ut they were as full of romantic mystery as the stars and planets to us, for she knew less of them than we do of the countless brilliant islands that dot the silent sea of space; they were further from Nat-ut and her people than is Mars from us.

A boat was as utterly unknown to Nat-ut as was a telescope. Just beyond a rise of ground ahead of her a group of fifty men, women and children were busy beside a little stream that flowed into the sea. When Nat-ut topped the rise and saw them, she dropped her head and dropped suddenly flat upon her stomach behind a bush.

There she watched the peculiar actions of these people.

A COMPLETE NOVEL EACH WEEK IN THE EVENING WORLD

Garrison's Finish

By W. B. M. FERGUSON

There was a pleasure in the older man's eyes at sight of his son, but no smile upon his lips. He glanced at the head and pelt of Ur.

"Do not return," he asked.

"Oo did not return," replied the son.

Nu, the son of Nu, looked about among the women and children and the uneasy warriors. She sought was not there. His mother came and kissed him as did Una, his sister.

"Where is Nat-ut?" asked Nu, the son of Nu.

His mother and his sister looked at one another and then at his father. Nu, the chief, looked at Ths. Ths. rose and came before the young man. He laid his hand upon the other's shoulder.

"Since your mother bore you," he said, "always have I loved you—loved you second only to my own son. Some day I hoped that you would become my son, for I saw that you loved Nat-ut, my daughter. But now I see that you love another. You know not how it happened, but Ra-el, the daughter of Kor, says that she went willingly." He got no further.

"It is a lie!" cried Nu, the son of Nu. "Nat-ut never went willingly with Hud or any other. When did they go? Whither went they? Tell me, and I will follow and bring back Nat-ut, and with her own lips she will give Ra-el the lie."

"I will bring her back if she still lives, but unless she escaped Hud she is dead, for she would have died rather than mate with another than Nu, the son of Nu. I have spoken. Which way went they?"

No one could tell him.

All that he knew was that when the tribe set out from their old dwellings Hud and Nat-ut could not be found, and then Ra-el had come forward and said that the two had fled together. When he questioned Hud, he could glean nothing more from her, but she stuck obstinately to her assertion that Nat-ut had gone willingly.

Nu had never seen a boat or guessed that such a thing might be. His people had been hunters from time immemorial. They had come down from the great plateaus far inland but a few generations since. Then for the first time had his forefathers seen the ocean.

As yet they had not met with any need that required them to navigate its waters, nor had they come in contact with the fish that swam in its depths. It was not until the first time they saw artificial shelters, and to Nu they seemed frail and uncomfortable things by comparison with his eternal caves. The Boat Builders had been several days in this new camp. What had driven them so far north of their ancestral home, who may guess?

A tribal feud, perhaps; or the birth of a new force that was to drive them and their progeny across the face of the world in restless wanderings to the end of the world, who could say? But from which so many of us suffer and yet would not forego.

As he watched, Nu saw that of all the workers one all young giant laborer stood out.

His haste seemed almost verging upon frenzy. Nu wondered what he could be about upon the felled tree trunk that required so much exertion. It did not look like work of that nature. It is true that he had never done any manual labor outside the needs of the chase, but intuitively he knew that he was a hunter, a warrior, and even then, in his primitive and untutored mind, there arose a species of contempt for "le drudge."

At last, tired of watching, he turned his attention again to the spoor he had been following. Where had Nat-ut gone after lying here behind these bushes?

Where was she now?

CHAPTER V.

Among the Boat-Builders.

Nu crawled about until he saw evidences of the girl's quick leap to her feet and her rapid flight. Then it was he came upon the footprints of Tur. Now Nu's blood ran hot. It surged through his heart and pounded against his temples—Nat-ut, his Nat-ut was in danger!

He saw where the girl had dodged past the man.

He saw distinctly in the sand the marks of Tur's quickly turning footstep as he wheeled in pursuit. He saw that the two had been running rapidly along the beach toward the north—the man following the girl, and then, to his surprise, he saw that the man had come to a sudden stop, had taken a few steps forward, stood for some time looking seaward and then turned and raced back toward the strange camp at breakneck speed.

And the girl's trail had continued toward the north for perhaps a hundred paces beyond the point at which the man had halted. Nu followed it easily; they were fresh signs since the last time he had, alone and uncrowded, upon a wide stretch of smooth, white sand.

Nu dropped him back upon the stone floor of the cave and ran out upon the ledge. He searched about the face of the cliff, even going down upon all fours and creeping from ledge to ledge, oftentimes with his nose close to the trail—sniffing.

After half an hour of going back and forth over the same ground and following a rocky ascent upward toward the summit of the cliff a dozen times, as though proving and reproving the correctness of his deductions, he came to the point of the Restless Sea.

Here he found the spoor more plainly marked in many places above high tide where Nat-ut's little sandals had left their legible record in the soft loam or upon the higher sand that the water had not reached.

The way led southward, and southward hurried Nu, the son of Nu. Straight to the old dwellings led the trail.

There Nu found evidences that Nat-ut had spent the night in a cave above the one in which he had slept. There was the bed of grasses and a trace of the delicate aroma that our blunted sense of smell could never have detected, but which was plain to Nu, and deliciously familiar.

A pang of regret seized him as he realized that the Nat-ut had been so close to him, and that he had unwittingly permitted her to remain alone and unprotected amidst the countless dangers of their savage world, and so forth, none knew where, into other myriad dangers.

Returning to the foot of the cliff, he once more came upon the girl's spoor. Again he led south along the beach. Swiftly he followed it until it stopped behind a little clump of bushes at the top of a rise in the ground. Before Nu reached the bushes, he had been in the limit of the trail he had seen the village beyond and the people engaged in what to him seemed strange occupation.

Again he knew that the same sight had brought Nat-ut to a halt a few hours before, and now he saw where she had lain upon her stomach watching, just as he was watching.

For a few minutes he lay observing the workers and seeking through the little cluster of skin and thatch shelters for some sign that Nat-ut was a prisoner there.

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TUMBLE TOM—He Finds the Lost Treasure of Bylow-Land

Just three sleepy summers ago, through a misty haze, Tom found himself again in Bylow-Land, a land of mystery and adventure. He was a young man, full of life and energy, and he was determined to find the lost treasure of Bylow-Land. He was a young man, full of life and energy, and he was determined to find the lost treasure of Bylow-Land.

Tom, too proud to beg pardon of the Queen of Hearts, decided to do some great deed and thus win forgiveness. Looking down, Tom lost his balance and tumbled over the edge of a precipice. Mouse followed. Both landed on a treasure heap of precious stones, metal and rich raiment.

Placing a large emerald in the Country Mouse's teeth, Tom sent him to herald his advent to the Queen of Hearts. Bearing the ruby crown and gemmed scepter, together with heaps of precious stones in a golden chest, himself garbed in royal robes, Tom approached the palace.

With great rejoicing and blowing of trumpets they received Tumble Tom. He had indeed tumbled into luck when he tumbled over that precipice and found the great treasure that had been stolen from the palace many years ago, and for which all the noblemen of Bylow-Land had searched.

"Sir Knight Tumble Tom," the Queen of Hearts dubbed him. "And with you will be granted, Sir Knight," said the Queen when after this ceremony Tom kissed her hand. "Permission, oh Queen, to search for the bandits," pleaded our hero.

By Eleanor Schorer

Nu looked about warily—there was no sign of the man or the woman. Then he examined the ground in ever-enlarging circles, and he saw the spoor which he had been following. He had decided to return to the bottom of the ravine and follow the spoor. He was a young man, full of life and energy, and he was determined to find the lost treasure of Bylow-Land.

(To Be Continued.)

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